ADAM'S BIRTHDAY.

CELEBRATIONS OF NEW-YEAR'S DAY IN

Although in many countries the celebration of New-Year's Day has fallen into desuctade and been shorn of its old-time glory by the importance attributed to Christmas, yet it still retains its rank as the most ancient festival of the world. Both the Jews and the Mahometans regard the first day of their respective years as the anniversary of the birth, or rather creation day, of Adam, and celebrate it with all kinds of rejoicings and entertainments, while in olden times before the Christian era it was observed as a day sacred to the Pagan and Mugwump god Janus. The Romans made it a public holiday, and selected it as the proper date for the exchange of presents of gilded fruits. It was the day, moreover, on which the newly elected magistrates of the Athenian Republie, as well as those of the mighty commonwealth on the banks of the Tiber, entered upon their duties. The Druids also held the first day of the year in particular honor and veneration, and even now a number of pagan superstitions in connec tion therewith have survived among the peasantry of Brittany, Wales and the southwestern counties of England. To this day the lower classes of the districts just named retain a firm belief in the fortune-bringing properties of the mistletoe. while the people who live along the shores of the Bay of Biseay are absolutely convinced that at the moment when the clock strikes twelve on New-Year's Eve, the animals-including dogs, horses, sheep, oven and pigs-become endowed for the space of one hour with the power of speech, and that the huge Druidical monoliths known as Dolmans, or Menhirs, extricate themselves from their sockets for the putpose of rolling down upon the seashore to refresh themselves by a dip in

Of all the countries of Europe it is undoubtedly France which has retained the largest degree of old-time regard for New-Year's Day. In Great long pause. Britain, with the exception of certain districts in the southwestern counties and in Wales, the day ses almost entirely unobserved and is not even regarded as a public holiday. In Germany, in Scandinavia, in Austria and in the Latin countries of Southern Europe, the importance formerly attributed to the first day of the year has been entirely overshadowed by the popularity awarded to Christmas, while Easter has superseded New Year's Day as the greatest of all public festivals in Russia, in Greece, and, indeed, among all nations that belong to the Orthodox faith. The only form of observance accorded to the first of Janpary in the dominions of the Czar is a long and sparsely attended service at church in the morn ing and a bout of heavy drinking in the after-noon and evening. The libations, however, are invariably preceded by a prostration before the portant feature of every Muscovite household. A small oil lamp burns before the portrait of the saint, and every now and again one of the drink ers will stagger up to it and devoutly cross himself presumably with the object of averting by means of divine assistance the disagreeable consequence of intoxication.

In Scandinavia, too, the New Year is ushered in with heavy and copious potations. In lieu of the Muscovite "vodki" and "braga"-the latter a species of homebrewed small beer-jule of, which s a powerful ale, is drank from horns or from silver or wooden tankards. The drinking horns are those of the ure ox, an animal now extinct and are not only of great antiquity, but also of much beauty. Many of them are old enough to have been used by the worshippers of Thor and Odin for toasts on their return from successful raids, or on the occasion of a marriage or burial, when they sung the songs celebrating the virtues of the heroes who had died on the battlefield, and had entered, full armed, into Valhalla. Drinking from these horns requires a peculiar knack, otherwise the contents are certain to fall on one.

In France New-Year's Day-the Jour de l'Ancontinues to be observed as the great festival and stores are closed, business of every kind is suspended, and young and old, rich and poor, abandon themselves to merrymaking. There is a genuine holiday expression noticeable upon every face, and all alike appear intent on getting all the 1st of January is looked forward to through butler, his groom of the chambers, and to the but also to the postman, the policeman on his fact, to every tradesman's employe who h during the preceding twelve months. On the shopkeepers, too, the observance of the day falls somewhat heavily. For they are obliged, if they wish to retain the custom of the houses which lady's maid, as the case may be. The religious ceremonies of the day take the form of a

borrow the religious faiths of the Occident, they have shown no such compunction in the adoption world is New-Year's Day celebrated with more universal rejoinings than in Japan. The streets of the capital as well as those of the small towns and even villages are througed from early morn, always tell who is right. But I guess she seen a bear and even villages are througed from early morning until late at night with crowds of big Japs and little Japs, of fet Japs and thin Japs of Japs, in fact, of every variety and description, all arrayed in their most ceremonical affire. The latter, sad to relate, no longer consists of the pieturesque sill: kimonos and robes that imparted grace and dignity to their wearers, but of European evening dress, with collapsible opera hat, white tie and svallow-tail coat complete. Being made by Japanese teilors, the cut of the garments is geometrical rather than anatomical, and the aspect presented thereby would be sufficient through the firm of the line of the back, while the collar to the coaties so constructed that from the collar to the coaties it sticks out almost at a right angle with the line of the back, while the two treastflaps protrude in front like a couple of pigeon's wings. Add to this a high hat several sizes too large and only kept on the head by a handterchief rolled in a ball and carefully placed between the rim and the ferehead, a pair of high boots—Weilingtons—worn with the tops not under, but over, the far too short trousers; a pair of white hands, and a white tie, with the bow hands, and a white the ear, and you have a limb of the care.

In the pokins sat in a dejected silence for some machine in that looked like a bear an' no mistake boot that. Then he rose and stood with his hands dropping over the fire till the clock on the slory was cheed. Then he rose and town the theory is of both on the short and soid:

"I don't care note, if I heve a lainy and to be aligned with the hands dropping over the fire till the clock on the slory was cheed. Then he rose and the look on the slory, so I hastened to provide a light for the public good.

Mr. Hopkins sat in a dejected slice of with the biand stood with his lands dropping over the fire till the clock on the slory was carefully was carefully had to be allowed him his hands dropping over the fire till the clock on the slory was carefully had the soil that fo ing until late at night with crowds of big Japs inglois-worth with the far too short trousers; a pair of white mittens or white knitted gloves on his hands, and a white tie, with the bow somewhere away under the ear, and you have a Japanese nobleman, digitary, or prosperous eitzen, dressei up for the purpose of paying his ceremonious New-Year visits. Often he is absence of paying his highly somewhat with the same of the companied by his little six or eight year-old son, companied by his little six or eight year-old son, or some as suitable for Medad Hopkins. The pun revived me as suitable for Medad Hopkins. The pun revived Japanese noteman, dignerally, of posperous citizen, dressed up for the purpose of poying his ecremonious New-Year visits. Often he is accompanied by his little six or eight year-old son, whose garments, even down to the high hat, constitute an exact reproduction in miniature of the clothes worn by the father.

This unfortunate craze for aping in caricatured forms of deep six well as many other phases of

ins unfortunate craze for aping in carrieatured in our dress as well as many other phases of cidental life has likewise led many of the well do Japanese to substitute donkeys for the turesquely arrayed cooles who draw their rikishas. Horses would be too big for the veypone. nce. "Neddies" are not indigenous where the natives have hitherto failed Japan, where the natives have hitherto falled to grasp the breadth of asimine character, and nothing can be more comical than to witness, as I have often done, the difference of opinion between a very lordly Japanese, arrayed in full evening dress and seated in his jinrikisha, and the very small donkey harnessed to the latter. Sometimes the altercation takes place at the gates of the Imperial Palace, and the face of the native dignitary becomes a study when he is forced to alight for the purpose of skewing or even bodily lifting the donkey round to the direction in which it is to go.

MANY LANDS.

ploy the services of Chinese grooms or bettos to attend to their donkeys. For all the asses in Japaff are imported from China, where the people thoroughly understand the stubborness of their nature and the hopelessness of any attempt to argue matters with them. I was especially struck by this during my last tour in the interior of China. Instead of numerous small hotels or inns, there are huge caravanseries along the great high roads, establishments where, like those at Cairo, Jeddah and Tripoli, not only several handreds, but even several thousands, of guests find lodging for the night. As almost everybody in China travels on donkey-back, there are sometimes as many as soo donkeys picketed around the caravansery. The loquacity of the donkey is proverbial. Indeed, it has been so since the days when Balaam started out to curse the Jews. The Chinese, being aware of this peculiarity of the animal, and knowing by experience that if even only one of the donkeys picketed round the inn took it into his head to bray, all the other soo would immediately start in to respond thereto, set their wits to work to find some means of silencing the loud-voiced quadruped. After much close investigation, they at length discovered that when a donkey brays it invariably sticks out its tail in a horizontal position. Careful experiment has demonstrated the fact that the animal is unable to utter a sound if his tail is kept down, and this is the reason why observant travellers in China will perceive that each of the asses tied by the roadside inn where they stop to rest will have a big stone attached to the end of his tail.

A YANKEE PEDLER.

HIS BEAR STORY IN WHICH THERE MAY POS SIBLY HAVE BEEN A BEAR.

It was toward the end of a cool afternoon i May, when I looked out of the window and saw Mr. Medad Hopkins coming up the walk with a heavy ong in either hand. We had been in the habit of keeping him over night when he made his annual round dispensing thread, needles and buttons to the I hastened to the door and said :

"Oh, Mr. Hopkins, I'm so sorry. Mother isn't at

He looked at me solemnly and his cadaverous face ssumed a still more dreamy expression.
"I wouldn't make ye no trouble," he said, after a

Well, I suppose I can keep you," I said, lapsing into the Yankee vernacular. So he was soon in-stalled, not in the 'settin' room,' as I had hoped, but by the kitchen stove, for the chilly air made the quick

"Seems a leetle like a frost," he said, as I bustled about, "but I'd know, I'd know, I hardly think so. I've noticed mos' gen'ally-well-that is-'taint often I guess-that we have a frost in the new o' the moon seems to make a diffrance somehow. But the moo changed this aft'noon at 3-no. I guess 'twas ter minutes past 3, of I aint forgotten—and I guess p'rapa that 'll make a diffrunce. Ye can't tell, now. Mebbe this wind'll go down, and then agin mebbe 'twon't-but ef it does go down

I left at this functure to get some more wood, but he

But of the wind should go down," he continued soon as I came within hearing distance, "we might get a frost, 'slikely's not; but then, of course, we 't tell, as I know of."

I have rarely seen a better illustration of the Yankee trait of evasion of a direct statement or answer. It was always a joy to me to ask him how he would take his tea, although I knew perfectly well, and this time went through the usual formula.

Do you like your tea weak!" I asked. Vell, ves. I guess so-that is, 1'd know. I gues ou can put in a lectle tea-that is, I don't want much -and considerable milk-yes, I like suthin kinde ot moSily-last you can put in a lectle tea, of you're have considerable milk.-but anything'il do. I don' much care. There, I guess that's all right, I guess.

-They do say he's most a hunderd, but I'd know. He's ninety-eight, I mess. old he don't know nothin'-don't know his own chi dern-and he ain't got no money. Town s'ports his mostly. But we ain't agoin' to send him to the pos ouse-an old man like that. Seem's of he'd order l to be a hunderd. I'd as lief saw wood to pay m man gits to be as old as that, hister seems's if the Lord must be savin' bim for suthin-but I'd know."

When my kitchen work was done, and I joined our friend in the sitting room, where an open fire had been kindled. I found him primed for the evening. and public holiday of the year. All public offices Father had basely deserted me with a feeble excuse about an errand to the store. and sat down to listen to the following tale with its

"When I was down to Briggsville, I seen the panther -that is, they say it's a panther. I'd know if 'tis-seems sorter like a panther. I'd know war it cum the enjoyment possible out of le Jour de l'An"the" day of the year. It is observed as a kind of universal birthday, the birthday not alone of them animals might have got away, likely's not

around daytimes is if twas sorter useter folks.

We haint got so many wild animals any more as we useter have. Up what I useter live in Vermont they was catamounts sometimes. That's a kinder fierce sort of animal like. I'd know but it's as big as the panther an' 1'd know as it is. And there's the lynx. I'd know as I ever seen one an' I'd know but I have. I guess I did see one oncet. That ain't

length, like.

"But I guess the bears is about the fearsomes wild beasts they is. "I guess they wouldn't tetch any buddy 'nless they was 'lacking, or had cubs, I guess they are they are they are hears sometimes. I heard tell hour one oncet. Then was a young lady up that and she saen a hear. I'd know as the hear would a tetched her, an' I'd know but mebbe 'twas a chasin' of her. I ain't sure whether she acreamed or not, but I guess she did suthin'. Prups the hear wouldn't a hurt her none of

id 'n less he run 'fore he had time to git thar, Ef

e didn't I guess likely he did."

Pronouns were getting hopelessly mixed.

"What became of the young lady," I asked, try-

orts bout her. Some say she screamed-but I couldn't be real certain bout it—and some say she

IN MEMORY OF JOHN SMITH. From The London Times.

From The London Times.

For the purpose of perpetualing the memory of Captain John Smith, founder of Virginia, U. S. A., a citizen of the parish, whose remains are interred in the church, the vestry of St. Sepulchre, City, intend to creet a memorial near the spot where it is believed by the second of the parish whose there is the believed by the second of Mr. Herbert (church warden) who stated that some thousand Americans visited the church annually for the purpose of viewing the tombstone of that worthy. As he was a distinguished citizen, and was buried in the church at his own express wish, it was only fitting, the speaker urged, that the vestry should erect a memorial, placing permaiently on record his association with their ancient parish. The following resolution was subsequently adopted: "That the charch wardens be empowered to expend a sam not exceeding \$25\$ for the purpose of forming the nucleus of a fund for restoring the tombstone of Captain John Smith, founder of Virginia, United States of America."

STUDYING ART.

UNDER CIRCUMSTANCES PARTLY HUMOR-OUS AND PARTLY PATHETIC.

WHICH DISPEL SOME ILLUSIONS, BUT GREATLY

You have come from Maine or California, o Minnesota or Florida, to study art in New-York. You have taken painting lessons, perhaps you have even taught, but you wish to become an artist, and you determine to have a course of study under the best masters. You have examined the catalogues of the Art Students' League, read the requirements for admission to the various classes, and resolved to draw awhile from the antique before entering the life class. You submit your cast drawing and await the verdict of the committee with full confidence in their ability to know a little billet they send you: "Recommended to the Preparatory Antique." You are astounded, indignant, but you accept the decision. Perhaps after all, it is better to be a large toad in a small puddle than a small toad in a pond. At least you will shine in the Preparatory Antique. So you find yourself, the following morning, in the dingy classroom on the third floor of the Art League building

It would be difficult to imagine surroundings more destitute of artistic effect. The ceilings are low, the walls unplastered, and the room, for better concentration of light, divided into little alcoves by rough burlap screens, against which the easts are arranged. In default of easels are rows of wooden chairs with pegs in the seats, to hold drawing-boards. You sit on a low stool and double up your legs in the smallest possible space Facility in this acrobatic feat comes with practice. The alcoves are crowded with aesthetically gowned aidens in big aprons, and young men with their hair in their eyes. There is a confusion o ongues, mingled with a monotonous scratchscratch of charcoal over the paper. You are be wildered; you don't quite know what to do next. Your neighbor is a brown-eyed girl in a high red apron. She is very good-natured and shows you where to find a place to work. You sit down in front of a hideous plaster foot, all angles instead of curves. The brown-eyed one instructs you to half-close your eyes and observe how the lights and shades divide into two great masses. You are expected to make an outline, as simply as possible, avoiding all detail, and then with the point of your charcoal, lay in the shadows in one broad,

After working all day and failing to make anything approaching a perfect outline, you becin to have a suspicion that you are not going to do much shining, even in the Preparatory are utterly crushed, but your ambition is fired, and you pick up your charcoal and go to work with with the "Ah, not so bad," which comes to be sweeter music in your ears than any love-song The first thing an art student must learn is that which has been called the greatest of all

goodly share of original vanity. The process of ranium-reducing, however, is kept up all through are admitted on their tickets. The women are quietly absorbed, their comments are whispered to one-another, and any audible remarks couched s comparatively little social intercourse between the men and women students. In any other coan art school as to attract universal attention The big aprons and the velveteen coats ait side d hush it up-that is-neems 'sit by side, in all but the life classes, and no more her roommate had dired the day before, on pea-nuts and beer. Far from pitying such adversity, the audience applanded this piece of ramport bohemianism with wild delight. Small wender if on such a diet or with such experiences the girl art student loses her native feminine coquetry and faces the world with all the trank and free camaraderic that a sense of fearless liberty gives. Then, too, the art student is exempt from the obligation to look pretty. She does look pretty in spite of her point bedauted apron and snabby gown. She knows exactly the place to knot her

the modelling class, a portrait in the Chase painting, and for sketches to nearly half the school. Small as is the tuition fee in the best art schools, many genuinely talented people are unable to alford regular lessons. There is one woman artest in New-York who went to Boston some years ago with the avowed intention of studying art. She had to paint "pot-boilers" for her board and had absolutely no money for lessons. Nothing daunted, she took an armful of canvases to the studio of William M. Hont to ask for a criticism. The artist was not at home, and the poor girl had to trudge back with her pictures. A second time she climbed the long flights of stairs, only to find Mr. Hont away. She calmly sat down on the floor in the hall, and waited. Night came, but not the artist. There was only one thing left to do. She wrote a little note, telling with pathetic simplicity how she longed to paint, and how impossible it was for her to pay for lessons, how much she admired Mr. Hunt, and how she had come to live in Boston, just so that she might, once in a great while, have a criticism from him. She left the note and the canvases before the locked door, and departed. It was some days before she plucked up courage to go again, but when she went, Mr. Hunt himself responded to her timid rap at the door. She stammered out her name. The artist's face lit upHello! Are you the girl who left those pictures in the hall? Come in! Her audacity as well as the zenaine artistic ability displayed in her crude attempts pleased Mr. Hunt so much that he took her into his studio and gave her regular lessons all winter. Nor was his kindness misplaced. The young girl possessed real genius, that he took her into his studio and gave her regular lessons all winter. Nor was his kindness misplaced. The young girl possessed real genius, she afterward became a favorite pupil of Daubigny, and is now recognized as a leading marine and landscape painter.

From The London Standard.

It would appear that superstition has not entirely died out in Essex. In the village of Sible Hedingham, lives an old laborer, who is popularly supposed to be a wizard. Recently he told a man in charge of a load of straw that he would not get far with it, and a little further on the horse, an old one, fell, and was so in juried that it lad to be killed on the spot. The mencilled upon to asset were so convinced that the horse had been placed under the influence of the wizard that they refused to move the carcass until a slice of flesh had been cut from the hind quarter of the animal and burned in a bush faggot, the idea being that the person who cast the spell would suffer burning in a corresponding part of his body.

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tests for a quarter of a century.

THE FASHIONS.

FABRICS FOR SPRING AND SUMMER GOWNS.

FINE FRENCH HOMESPUNS - WOOLLEN AND

COTTON CLOTHS-FRENCH PATTERNS. In the midst of midwinter the shop-counter already filled with fresh, dainty cambries and other figured cottons, sheer muslins and embroideries, in preparation for January and February sewing. At this season of the year prudent women manage to have their dress cottons and other simpler dress naking and sewing done, so that most of their summe wing is over before the quiet of Lent has passed. The spring and summer woollens and other dress ods are already in the hands of the importers, and a short time the largest importers of fine silks and of millinery goods will have their next season's stock animals. Mr. Benedlet said:

rough, soft goods, of lighter weight than the camel's it, there were no four-footed creatures that I liked hairs worn now. Scottish homespun twills in stripes. to kill so much as I did panthers. Fifty-four years irst visit of the instructor, who informs you that indistinct checks and mixtures are a noteworthy ago this winter I followed a panther's track for two woodlens are shown in the colors which peasant women the parither on Pocono Knob. I kept the dogs in the north of scotland and in Ireland are accustomed with me all the time, holding them in check with eelwith me all the time, holding them in check with eelto due their own homespan goods, with dyes made from
metice forest barks. There are many of these cloths
in the well known homespan blue, or army blue, and
this shade promises to become very popular. There
are natural gray and natural brown shades, and here
the color list usually ends, though a dull brownish
the color list usually ends, though a dull brownish
the color list usually ends, though a gray agreetimes shown. actually woven and dyod with forest barks by for the night, prasants in the wilds of the scottish islands and Ire-

ported for entire gowns, but there are some in which a check crossed by stripes, or with raised fluores which look like a litter's ravelled yarn. There are also fluores of soft raised wood matted down and caucht in shape and still. raised wast matted down and caught in shape, and still others like long infre of sillen goat's hair. There are many examples of chills in subdued shades iffurnitated

ster sent these suchs assume, a perturn of the sides the sent of the dress of the sent of the sent

the wires inside the building will be fifteen English The experiments made last night and to-night wer the experiments made last night and to-night were completely successful, and it was interesting to notice how well the magnificent ceilings were brought out, and what an unsuspected wealth of color was de-veloped in the famous Flemish topestries on the walls of the Privy Council Chamber and other apartments.

ADVENTURES IN POCONO MOUNTAINS.

AN OLD TRAPPER TELLS OF SPORT WITH PANTHERS, DEER AND BEAR.

Scranton Penn., Jan. 3.-Ell Benedict, an aged unter and trapper, has lived in the Pocono Moun tains since 1828. He has killed hundreds of deer sixty odd bears, a score of wolves and forty or fifty panthers. On being asked a few days ago to relate some of his most dangerous experiences with wild

" When this region was nearly all covered with dense woods, and wild animals roamed over every mile of These twilled days. I had two good dogs with me, and I started rose and a vague shade of green are sometimes shown. I the head of the Euckhill Crock, where I shot some birds, The tale, so often repeated, that these cloths are made a little hat out of limbs, built a fire and put up "The next morning I started after the panther

as soon as I could see. A couple of miles beyond of fact the scottish homespans in market are made in where I had slept I found that the panther had lain france and are a great deal better and stronger cloth in some brush through the night. The remains of A two rabbits were there, and when I got to the spot the panther's tracks in the snow showed that the in the afternoon it crossed Knob Pond on the ice. It few claims which are perfect reproductions of Irish there 1 overhauled and treed it just before dusk, pieces are also shown, but there are few of these heavy. Then I freed the dogs, and the panther tried to get lackets. Rough boucle and bourette effects are freely used in some of the new homespuns. Thus there are shoot it. When I fired it fell in the snow speans on

man) examples of chitles in subtried shades imministed they began to yelp. The tree was taller and larger throads of bright red or yellow. Orange is a new than than any trees near it, and the panther ching to a l

AN OLD-TIME CIRCLE HUNT

HOW ONE COUNTY WAS RID OF WILD BEASTS BY THE PIONEERS.

Waverly, N. Y., Jan. 2.—"Waverly is a big town now; but I can remember when in one day forty deer, eight bears, thirteen wolves, a panther, and I don't know how many foxes, were killed in what is now the very heart of the village," said Orvin Decker, an octogenarian resident of Bradford County, Penn., which lies a few miles south of Waverly. the exception of here and there a clearing, and some isolated settlement, this part of the Chemung and Susquehanna Valleys was unbroken woods then, for it hadn't been so many years since the first settlers had begun to come into the region. I am speaking of the year 1818, when I was a lad of ten. I remember the properties of the year lates when I was a lad of ten. ber distinctly the great hunt that resulted in the killing of the great quantity of game I mentioned. Wild animals were so humerous as to be a serious Wild animals were so humerous as to be a serious drawback to the pioneer farmers in the growing of their crops, meagre at the best, and in the keeping of their stock, to say nothing of the continued fear in which they stood for the peace and safety of themselves and their families. In the fall of 1818 old Colonel Stevens, who lived down in the Wyalusing neighborhood, conceived the idea of a life hunt, to be engaged in by as many men as could be collected from far and near on a given day, and conducted on a systematic plan over a wide area of country. He issued a call for the bunt, and sent it by special nessengers throughout the region interested, req ing the farmers and all others who wanted to take part in the grand hunt to make preparations for doing so on December 4. News of this plan of Colonel Stevens to move against the common foe was not long in reaching this neighborhood, and Elias Matthew son, a leading man among us, at once took m to organize a similar hunt for the benefit of the sufferers along the State line. The district to be raided was that lying between the Susquehanna and the Chemung, from what was then called the Pine Woods on the south, near where Athens now is, at the junction of the two rivers, and the hills north of Waverly That district is all the broad plain you see to-day, with Waverly, Sayre, Athens and other large towns dotting it and four great railroads traversing it. In 1813 it was one wide tract of forest "The hunt was under command of two captains,

Matthewson having charge of the Pennsylvania r

and a man named Tuthill directing the movements of the New-York State hunters. There were 150 men in the New-York State numers. There were 150 men in all, a force that was entirely too small to cover properly the ground mapped out. The Pennsylvania men formed in line about the southern limit of the territory, from river to river, and the New-Yorkers advanced from the northern hills, their line extending from the Chemung River to Sheppard's Creek. The idea was for the two parties to draw together to a ommon centre, driving such animals as were in the intervening area to that point, corralling them there and putting them to indiscriminate slaughter. The spot selected for the centre of the circle was a small abandoned clearing, half way between the southern line and the northern line. That spot is now occupied in part by the buildings of the Waverly foundry. The hunters began their march early in the formoon. was reached. Early in the day it was seen that the compact, and many deer, bear and wolves made of the orders; and although several deer and bears were killed, the firing was dangerous to the men themselves, and after three men had been hit with buflets intended for fleeing game, the firing was discontinued. There were many in the ranks, however, who were clubs and even flails. These hunters made good use of their rude weapons on the march. Sybrant Decker, himself by dispatching two bears with his fall aft a desperate struggle with each. Jacobus Van Sickle smashed the skull of an immense buck, as it was bounding by him. A young man named Van Deve-who worked for Elias Matthewson, ran his plichfor through a wolf, and carried the struggling, howling beast aloft on the tines until it died. Another man who earned fame on that march from the Pine Woods advancing army of hunters came bounding toward him through the tops of the trees, leaping from meres are imported in homespun colors and effects, meres are imported in homespun colors and effects, took to the woods on the other side of the pond, and to another with the case and light-footedness of a well-distribution which are perfect reproductions of frish there I overhauled and treed it just before dusk, squirrel. Tuttle waited until the panther had gos within easy gun-shot. As the agile beast leaped from a tree to alight in another, twenty feet distant, Tuttle through the panther's heart. The force of the animal's instantly and made a leap for me. The dors saved my life by attacking it and turning its attention to the panther was dead when it struck the branches, and

> of the dogs was crippled for life.
>
> "Another winter I chased a panther through the lines were within hearing of each other. The spot on hunters had drawn together, so that the advancing circled by the hunters was probably half a mile eac't of the Delaware Water Gap. I let the dogs loose be-fore I saw it, and it took to a big maple tree when mals could be seen-deer durting here and there like the wind, seeking some avenue of escape; now and then a limb and screamed at the noisy dogs. Then I sullenly back in the bushes; wolves snapping and snar langed away at its head, and it went end over end ing in unavailing hiding places. In the indiscriminate among the limbs, lodged in the crotch and got stuck firing that began in this corral, it is a wonder that there. It scratched and screamed, but it had got as many hunters as animals were not killed. In the wedged in so tightly that it couldn't get loose, and I excitement men shot whenever they saw a bush fired at it again. The second bullet silenced the panther. It lay limp in the crotch, and as it was impossible for me to get any arm or leg hold on so large a tree, I cut a pole, climed up a smaller tree and pushed the panther out. The fall revived it some, and it gave my dogs some painful scratches be thought was a deer behind a scrub oak. He thought was a deer behind a scrub oak. He thought was a deer behind a scrub oak. He I had a worse tussle with a big buck once than hind the bush. This man was a notorious backwoods I ever had with a position, "continued the old hunter," character, known as hig Decker, he skin cap, the stock place on Pine Hill almost fifty years at a skin cap. Frazier's bullet had gone through the cap, the fine show was quite deep. It was a new show, grazing Decker's scatp. Fortunately Decker was of who had no guns, or Frazier would have when the snow was quite deep. It was a new snow.
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> There was no crust or anything that made a noise under my feet, and I was still hunting for deer been a dead man the next second. As it was, Decker been a dead man the next second. As it was, Decker been a dead man the next second. grabbed a gun out of another hunter's hands, and